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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Few lovers of fiction have been favoured by their creators with nobler or more appalling dangers than fell to the lot of the bold adventurer. Story Pocahontas can be read to few readers; but the distinct and impressive narrative of Mr. Frost, now republishing in this country, every one (notwithstanding some unavoidable repetitions) will peruse with satisfaction.

In December, 1606, the year of the gunpowder plot, the London Company fitted out an expedition, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, who took with him a hundred and five persons, who were to remain in America.

"Among these," says Mr. Frost, "were several persons of distinction; particularly George Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, Bartholomew Gosnold, the navigator, and Captain John Smith. Instead of pursuing Gosnold's track, Newport took the old circuitous one, by way of the Canaries; and was four months in accomplishing the voyage. It had been his intention to land at Roanoke; but a storm arising, the squadron was driven into Chesapeake Bay. Here he discovered and named Cape Henry, in honour of the Prince of Wales. After coasting about for some time, the adventurers entered a river called by the natives Powhatan; and, seeing that the region to which they had been driven by the storm, possessed many advantages not to be found at Roanoke, they determined to make this the place of their abode. Both their settlement and the river Powhatan received the name of their

king; and Jamestown can now pride herself on being the oldest existing habitation of the English in America.

"But unfortunately for their welfare, dissensions had broken out among the colonists on their voyage. This was an almost unavoidable consequence of an artifice employed by James. The names of the colonial council were sealed up in a packet, which was not to be opened until twenty-four hours after their arrival in Virginia; so that no one knew in what relation to the others he might be placed; neither could any take the authority of commanding the rest. Having now landed, the packet was opened and the names of the council proclaimed; they were far from giving general satisfaction, especially that of Captain Smith, whose superior abilities had excited the envy of his companions. The council, having elected a president, excluded Smith from their number on a groundless charge of entertaining treasonable designs. The loss of his services to the colonists was one of a serious nature; but he demanded a trial, was honourably acquitted, and took his seat in the council. In June, Newport sailing for England, the supplies which the colonists had hitherto received from his squadron were thus cut off; and being now limited to unwholesome provisions, and unused to the climate, they were visited by a raging disease, which, before September, had carried off one half of their number, among whom was Bartholomew Gosnold. The distress of the adventurers was heightened by internal dissensions; accusations of embezzling the public stores were preferred against the president, and he was detected in attempting to escape from the colony in a pinnace. At length the drooping spirits of the colonists were revived by the arrival of an abundant supply of provisions which Smith had obtained from the Indians. Gratitude to their preserver now took the place of their jealousy; and all looked up to him as the head of the colony.

"Captain Smith, whose name will ever be associated with the establishment of civilised society in America, was descended from a respectable family in Lincolnshire, and was born to a competent fortune. His mind was strongly tinctured with the spirit of adventure so prevalent in England during the reign of Elizabeth; and yielding to his inclinations, he passed through a variety of military service, with little gain, but great reputation, and with the acquisition of valuable experience. The vigour of his constitution had preserved his health unimpaired amidst the general sickness; and his undaunted temper retained his spirits unbroken and his judgment unclouded. A strong sense of religion predominated in his mind, giving dignity to his character and consistency to his conduct. Entering upon the direction of affairs, he fortified Jamestown; and the savages refusing to grant further supplies, he put himself at the head of a company of his people, and advanced into the country. By affability to the well-disposed tribes, and vigorously repelling the hostility of such as were otherwise disposed, he obtained for the colony the most abundant supplies. But in the midst of his success he was surprised, and, after a brave defence, taken prisoner. He desired to speak with the sachem, and, presenting him with a mariner's compass, he described its wonderful properties, explained the globular shape of the earth, the course of the sun, the varieties of nations, and other things wonderful to the captors, who listened in amazement, and regarded Smith as a superior being. The impression made on the savages was so strong, that although he had not once solicited his life, they remained for one hour undecided; but at last their habitual sentiments prevailed, and binding him to a tree, they prepared to dispatch him with their arrows. Fortunately for Smith, a stronger impression had been made on Opechancanough, the chief, who, holding up the compass, gave the signal of reprieve, but still retained him a prisoner.

"After vainly endeavouring to lead him to betray the colony into their hands, they conducted him to Powhatan, the king of the country, who adjudged him to die by having his head beaten to pieces with a club. At the place of execution, he was again rescued from his fate by Pocahontas, the king's favourite daughter, who threw her arms around the prisoner, and declared she would save him or die with him. Her humane affection prevailed over the cruelty of the tribe, and Smith was released, and soon after sent back to Jamestown, where he found his associates, reduced to thirty-eight men, preparing to abandon the settlement. Nor could they be persuaded to relinquish the design, except by remonstrance and violent interference. Pocahontas had sent provisions, which relieved their present wants, and Smith's account of plenty among the savages revived their hopes. By his successful efforts in effecting a union of interests among the two races of people, he preserved plenty among the English, and extended his influence with the Indians. He employed his best endeavours to divert the savages from their idolatrous superstitions, but succeeded no farther than Heriot had formerly done. They acknowledged that God, whom they termed 'the God of Captain Smith,' excelled their deities as artillery excels bows and arrows.

"While the colony was thus prospering under Captain Smith, two vessels arrived

from England, bringing one hundred and twenty men, a supply of provisions, seed, and agricultural instruments. In this time of prosperity, jealousies again appeared. Captain Smith's influence among the Indians excited the envy of those who he had often saved; and his authority in the colony began visibly to decline, and soon ceased. The discipline which he had introduced was now relaxed, and a free traffic was permitted with the natives, who soon complained of fraudulent dealing, and resumed their former animosity. In recruiting the population of the colony, too little consideration was shown for those habits and pursuits which everywhere form the basis of national prosperity. Many of those who had lately arrived were gentlemen, a few were labourers, and some were jewellers and refiners of gold. The latter soon found an opportunity to exercise their profession. A small stream of water, near Jamestown, was found to deposit in its channel a glittering sediment resembling gold ore. This dust, being examined by the refiners, was pronounced to be ore of a very rich quality; and from that moment the thirst for gold was inflamed into a rage that produced all the extravagant excesses, without the profligate enormities, which had distinguished the followers of Cortez and Pizarro. Notwithstanding Smith's strenuous exertions, all productive industry was suspended; gold mines were supposed to exist in the neighbourhood, and mining operations engrossed the whole attention and labour of the colonists. In June, 1608, the two vessels that had brought out the late supplies, returned to England; the one laden with this worthless dross, and the other with cedar-wood.

"Smith foresaw the fatal effects of this delusion of the colonists, and, in hopes of diminishing their extent, resolved to explore the Chesapeake Bay, to ascertain the qualities and resources of its territories, and promote an intercourse with the most remote tribes. In this arduous undertaking, which equals the most celebrated exploits of the Spanish discoverers, he was successful. Accompanied by Dr. Russell and a few followers, he performed in an open boat, two voyages of discovery, occupying more than four months, and embracing above three thousand miles of exploration. He visited every inlet and bay on both sides of the Chesapeake, from Cape Charles to the river Susquehannah, and diligently examined the territories into which he penetrated. He brought back an ample and accurate account of his researches, and his map has been made the groundwork of all posterior ones. By his liberality, wisdom, and courage, Smith inspired the Indians with the most exalted opinion of himself and his nation.

"While this expedition was in progress, the golden dreams of the colonists were dispelled, and they awoke to all the miseries of sickness, want, and disappointment; but when Smith returned, he revived their spirits and relieved their wants by the resources he had created. Immediately after his return, on the 10th of September, he was chosen president by the council, and, accepting the office, he soon restored good order and prosperity in the colony. But Smith's administration was not acceptable to the company in England. The patentees looked for sudden wealth by the discovery of a shorter passage to the South Sea, or the acquisition of territory replete with gold and silver mines; and, as they had hitherto been disappointed, they thought it necessary to take all the authority into their own hands, and abolish any originating in America. For this purpose they applied for and obtained a new charter on the 23d of May, 1609. This charter incorporated the company in London and the colonists, by the title of 'The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers of the City of London for the first colony in Virginia." The boundaries of the colony and the power of the corporation were enlarged; the offices of president and council in Virginia were abolished, and a new council established in England. This council was empowered to remodel the magistracy of the colony, enact all its future laws, and appoint all its officers. The charter contained a clause intended to prevent the introduction of the doctrines of the church of Rome into the colony.

"Lord Delaware was appointed, by the new council, governor and captain-general of the colony; and the eminent character of this nobleman contributed to strengthen the company by an addition to its numbers and its funds. Such was the favourable disposition evinced by the public, that the adventurers were soon enabled to equip a squadron of nine ships, carrying five hundred emigrants, under the command of Captain Newport, who together with sir Thomas Gates and sir George Somers, was to supersede the existing administration, and govern the colony until the arrival of Lord Delaware.

"The three temporary governors embarked in the same vessel; but a storm arising, the ship was separated from the fleet, and driven on the coast of the Bermudas. The remainder of the squadron arrived safely at Jamestown; but so little were they expected, that, when first seen at sea, they were mistaken for enemies. A great part of the new emigrants were profligate and licentious youths, sent over by their friends to screen them from justice in their own country; the residue consisted principally of indigent gentlemen, too

proud to beg and too lazy to work; of broken tradesmen; idle retainers, of whom the great had been eager to rid themselves; and others like these, more fitted to ruin a commonwealth than to found and maintain one. Under the command of seditious leaders, this pernicious crew, without the least authority, proclaimed the changes which the constitution had undergone, and proceeded to overthrow the colonial presidency and council. Investing themselves with the powers, they were unable to devise any frame of government; sometimes they resorted to the old commission, and sometimes a new model was attempted, and the chief direction of affairs passed from one to another, without any improvement. By this revolution in its government the colony was involved in distress and disorder, and the Indians were exasperated by the insolence and injustice of the new settlers. In this emergency, Smith declared his intention of retaining his authority and enforcing the old commission, until his legal successors should arrive. He imprisoned the chief promoters of the tumult, and, to prevent a return of the former disturbances, he sent a portion of the new colonists to form a settlement at some distance from Jamestown. These detachments soon converted the neighbouring Indians into enemies, and were compelled to apply to Smith for assistance. Smith was indefatigable in his endeavours to establish among the colonists habits of order and industry. His maxim was, 'He who will not work shall not eat.' And he had some success. Several of the 'gentlemen' colonists became wood-cutters. They were required to labour six hours a day, for the common good; the rest of the time they had to themselves. Whilst exerting himself to redress the grievances of both the settlers and the savages, he received such a dangerous wound from the explosion of some gunpowder, that he was obliged to proceed to England for surgical aid; and, although he abandoned with regret the society he had so often preserved, he never again returned to Virginia.

"Captain Smith was, without doubt, a most remarkable man. Few men are better calculated to be pioneers in settling a wilderness than he. Few could have seen more clearly in what the true interest of a rising settlement consisted; and still fewer would have been equally disinterested. Mr. Bancroft well remarks, 'he was the father of Virginia; the true leader who first planted the Saxon race within the borders of the United States.'"

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By Edward Portwine.

CHAPTER XXV.

The turnpike road leading to the beautiful marine village of Sandgate is winding; the scenery is pretty and interesting. On the left the ever rolling waves of the channel, with rippling wide waste of blue waters, on whose bosom float, in majestic beauty, innumerable vessels of all sizes. The rocky and indented strand presents itself until the traveller reaches Seabrook. The delightful scenery of this neighbourhood breathes health in its delicious freshness. The dark hills rising abruptly from the road, and ending in the bold promontory of Shorn Cliff, render Sandgate one of the "prettiest and quietest" watering places in Kent. After leaving the village of Seabrook, which is effected by passing over the Royal Military Canal on a neat bridge, the road takes an inland direction, leaving meadow land on the left, and gently inclining hills on the right. Villas on these side cliffs commence at the entrance of Hythe to greet the sight; and a perfect gem is that in which resided Sir Walter Johnson. Built of white brick, surrounded by pasture lands and delightful gardens, blooming with fruit and flowers, protected by high walls of freestone, and a neat porter's lodge, and standing on an eminence, it commands a view of the west, until the horizon is lost in mist; the shore on which are built Calais and Boulogne, Gravelines, and other towns of France, is observed by the occupants of this mansion, which constitutes it one of the most pleasant villas in the vicinity of this ancient cinque port.

Along the ridge of hills which extend into Sussex is built the pretty clean town of Hythe, with its side-hill beauties, and its delightful valleys, teeming with the luxuriance of pasture, arable, and garden grounds. It is situate about a quarter of a mile from the strand, and the influence of the saline element is not felt on its productions. The Royal Military Canal, which commences at Seabrook, passes on the south of the good town, in its zig zag course to the ancient port of Rye in Sussex. Hythe contains about 2000 souls; one long street extending from east to west, intersected with lanes. At the western extremity of the port, and on the London road, is built the permanent barracks of the Royal Staff Corps; and on the road to Romney Marsh, over an ill-constructed bridge, stands the low and contemptible range of buildings for the Royal Artillery. On the left of this bridge the wide green

of Hythe reposes in solitude and silence, excepting when teeming with its hundreds of human creatures, breathing life and animation, indulging in those harmless amusements which so distinguish this country from all others. For after all, Englishmen will be happy, if they are permitted by the "powers that be." It is an innate and indestructible part of their frank and fearless natures, and it is a graceful and a glorious sight to gaze on a happy people blooming with health, glowing with delight, joining with all ranks in amusements calculated to soften down the worst passions of men, and render them ornaments instead of banes to society. Oh, it is infinitely preferable to perceive a field full of Englishmen smiling with felicity, and reciprocating kind words, and emulous to excel in science or skill, than in contemplating what has been for so many ages denominated the "gorgeous" battle-ground, where human beings meet in fierce array, and at the word of a man clothed in scarlet or blue rush at the throats of each other, to kill, to exterminate, to murder. The former humanises, elevates, and leads to happiness; the latter devastates, and destroys liberty and life, and wastes those energies which ought to be dedicated in defence of all that is good, pure, and eternal.

War *may* be justified on two grounds—to protect our shores from invasion, and our commerce from injury; but is it just, is it humane, to leave these shores, and repair to the country of a neighbour, to waste treasures and pour out British blood, because a nation prefers Napoleon to Caput? But at the period of which we write it was considered praiseworthy, estimated as just; and an effusion of blood, every act of rapine succeeded, not by the stillness of death, but of desolation, and was hailed by a great portion of the English nation as a victory to its prowess. Thus a bloody fight by sea or land, in which one country succeeds in exterminating more lives than another, is called "glorious!" Oh, how wretched! oh, how contemptible and inhuman! But a better era has dawned; and the voice of the Author of the universe has been heard by the philanthropic and the truly great, and the world is fast rising from its degradation; and although the dreadful effects of long wars are yet felt, perhaps another generation may experience the numerous benefits of prolonged peace, as productive of increased civilisation and consequent happiness.

Perhaps the reader, whether man or woman, will forgive this short digression, and permit the intention of sometimes endeavouring to enforce the necessity of inculcating humanity, instead of barbarous customs, in this "o'er true tale," to plead as an excuse.

At the north-western extremity of the town of Hythe, and where the humble abode of the "common" soldier is erected, stands a turnpike. After leaving this gate, you commence toiling up one of the most picturesque roads in England. Right and left, all is beautiful woodland and pastures. Houses peeping through the thick foliage of the useful elm or hearty oak, renders this country a paradise. This is the London road. On the left of this road, and before the visitor reaches the summit of the steep hill called the "Roffs," stood a pretty cottage, which could only be perceived in the winter, so buried is it amongst poplars, elms, and oaks. A neat white gate conducted the curious into a glorious garden ground, teeming with vegetation, and amongst orchards whose trees were groaning with fruit. The front of this house looks over the land between it and the channel. East, west, north, and south, the landscape is calm and pretty. In the recess of a bow window, commanding a view of the beauties we have attempted to describe, sat Edmund Poynder, busy with his pencil and easel. A triumphant smile played on his pale features, as he successively touched the canvas. He was employed in painting the portrait of a young girl, and the rapidity with which he brought forth the numerous charms with which nature had blessed the original, was truly surprising. His soul was absorbed in the occupation, and yet he appeared to paint from memory, for no copy was before him—no human creature to distract his attention. Still he painted, insensible to fatigue. Hours he laboured without refreshment, until those features began to bear the semblance of life and vitality. That nose decidedly Grecian; raven hair; those eyes never looked on without emotion; those lips which were unrivalled in nature; that exquisite bust, the mould of which the creator must have destroyed when it came from his wondrous hands. The faultless proportions which seemed about to rend the drapery around them, were exquisitely coloured by the hands of a master—perhaps a lover. Yes, Edmund had been employed three days after the celebrated cricket match, in drawing and painting from memory—the portrait of Margaret Cumlin. He had worked day and night, and as every new beauty appeared from his magic touch, he smiled and appeared exceedingly happy with his efforts. He had reached near the conclusion of his occupation—and no person who had ever seen the original could fail in recognising the resemblance it bore to the young lady—when the door of his studio opened, and his mother entered.

Edmund's mother was at this period about forty-five, and any one might per-

ceive she had been handsome in her youth, indeed she was at that time a good looking portly dame. She had the misfortune to be deprived of her husband ten years before the commencement of this story, and being left with a large family and scanty means, she felt all the loneliness of her position, which frequently exhibited itself in an irritability of temper, although excusable, yet sufficiently annoying to those who loved her. One by one her children left her, and were scattered over the face of the globe. Only one was left her, and on him she had lavished her means for his education and future happiness. From the wreck of her husband's property, she had some acres of land in the vicinity of the town, with the cottage in which she resided; with this she had managed to subsist in respectability, believing that when her favourite had completed his studies, he would compensate her for her anxieties and sacrifices. This morning something had occurred to ruffle her temper, for she seated herself heavily on the chair, and drew a long respiration. Edmund gazed on his mother with great tenderness, as he saluted her, with a hope that she had passed a good night.

"Good night, indeed," replied his parent, in an alto voice, "I wonder I live at all with such trouble as I have borne. I am sure it cannot last long. I cannot live long, I am sure."

Edmund arrested his pencil, turned his painting, and kindly inquired what "new trouble had occurred thus to disturb her."

"New trouble—yes, and you are the cause. What we shall do I do not know. Tom Hennis has been here, and told me that when you went to that odious cricket match you affronted Squire Dean, and assumed such airs as only the gentry put on, and that because he would not let you go to dinner with the lords and ladies, you would not play, and that you were impudent to the squire." Here the mother appeared lost in horror at her son's enormity; stopped out of breath, her face exhibited the bright red spot of anger, which was always the harbinger of a storm. After respiring, she continued, "What have you to say to all this, sir? is it true you have insulted—"

"My dear mother, what Tom Hennis has told you is correct, and—"

"Correct! Good heavens!" answered the widow in consternation. "And have you dared to offend Mr. Dean; do you know the consequences? We rent under him, and he will drive for arrears, or take the land away that your poor father (here a gush of tears burst from their channels) had for thirty years, and then what am I to do. Oh, I shall go distracted. Oh, my head."

Edmund did not appear deeply affected at his parent's anguish, and we are sorry to record that his upper lip curled at the consequences which his mother's grief depicted. In a firm voice he replied, "Mother, dear parent, hear me. The first duty inculcated into my youthful heart was love and obedience to you and my departed parent. I have never violated that duty in thought or deed. You kindly gave me an education which has utterly unfitted me for slavish adulation to the rich and powerful. When, then, in my youth I was taught to lift my hat at the approach of the squire or magistrates, you impressed on my young heart an idea of their superior attributes, and induced a belief that they were of another order of human creatures. My association with the most gifted in science, in literature, and the arts, has taught me that it is unwise to inculcate the elements of slavery into a young and guileless mind, for men become tyrants in proportion to the homage they receive."

"Edmund, you astonish me—utter rank blasphemy against the great and good. I charge you to say no more."

"My only parent, hear me for the last time on this subject. I utter no blasphemy against the great or good. I will bend my knees—I will distort my back to do homage to an estimable man. I idolise talent; but never will I bow to gold—to dross. That power, which is derived from mind, I venerate, regard, and respect; but to command me to revere ignorance and assumption, clothed in ermine, is to request me to perform that plainly against the dictates of my nature, and diametrically opposed to the natural independence af man."

"Good God!" exclaimed the astonished parent, with starting eye-balls, "I never heard such language before from any of my children. What! have I lived to be talked thus to about such stuff as the independence of man and all that nonsense. You will bring ruin on me, and the workhouse will be my portion; in my old days I shall be distracted."

Here the lady stamped on the carpet until the dust ascended in clouds to the ceiling.

"No, mother; the workhouse can never be your portion while I possess life and health; let this proud youth dare oppress us; let him carry his threats into execution, and I will wither his heart and sear his brain: my revenge shall be so crushing and deadly that he would be the world's pity and its scorn." The lightning flashed from the artist's eyes as he uttered this address. He had risen from his seat, and, with his right arm elevated, looked the impersonation of resolution sublimated. His mother gazed on him in

wonder, as she said—"And what can you do to hurt the heir of one of the greatest estates in the country? Pooh, pooh, Edmund; go and beg the squire's pardon."

"Never," replied the son with fierce determination. "I refused to play the game out, because I was grossly insulted; and as I am the party aggrieved, it is for Dean to apologise, not me. I am concerned that you, my dear parent, should thus wish to degrade your son, and crush that independence of mind, which, when judiciously and properly exercised, is the only bulwark the poor possess against the grinding oppression of the rich. You teach us, as a duty, to bow to titled fools in our early youth; and you expect us to remain slaves for ever, that the wealthy may revel in luxury, while the poor are worked beyond their powers, and their reward in old age, the workhouse! Oh, that education could be diffused throughout the length and breadth of the land; it is that, and that alone, which can teach man he is intended for high aspirations; that his noble powers were designed by the Almighty to increase the general sum of happiness, and that his life was not given him to oppress others, but as a trust to use justly and humanely for the whole family of mankind."

"Ah! my dear son, I fear you are past advice; your residence amongst foreigners and books, and that painting, by which you earn nothing, have ruined you. You would do well to resume the hoe and the spade, and renounce these foolish pursuits which, in an evil hour, I was persuaded to have taught you. Son, think yourself a gentleman, and heaven knows what will come of it."

"If you knew," cried Edmund, with strong emotion, and taking his mother's hand, "the ardent gratitude which now almost chokes my utterance for your care of me and my culture; if you could imagine the pleasure I derive, and which has been opened to me by education, and that art I honour and love, you would then appreciate how much I venerate the hand and heart that have created feelings which can never die while existence remains. Oh, condemn not your own goodness, but rather thank Providence that induced you so to bless your son with power and the will to serve you and his fellow creatures."

"Well, well," cried the mother, softened, "I will say no more on this subject; but time will show whether all your learning will protect me and yourself from evil."

"Rest assured it will, dear mother."

"I hope to heaven it may; but I have heard of another circumstance that has grieved me. It is reported that you have joined the famous smuggler, Cumlin, and his band. Oh, contradict this calumny.

(To be continued.)

HEADS AT A PREMIUM.

Though *head-work* is that of which the English have long been proud; heads themselves are not so valued here as they are in some parts of the world.

Mr. James Brooke, of Sarawak, in his journal of the expedition to Borneo, has furnished an amusing account of some of the Dyak tribes, who have been supposed the aborigines of Borneo. He describes their cottages to be decorated with skulls, on which they set extraordinary value; so much so that a youthful Dyak cannot hope to prosper in love, unless he can nod with a second head. Possibly this arises from a conviction on the part of the Dyak ladies that "Two heads are better than one." If they had visited England it might be supposed that they had witnessed the misery which here often results from the marriages of people who are said "to have no heads at all."

Whatever the cause, skulls and heads are in great demand in the Dyak community. Mr. Brooke writes:—

"On inquiring, I was told that it is indispensably necessary a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging them that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied, that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugah allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now, and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his ladye-love's parents. At all times they denied warmly ever obtaining any heads but those of their enemies, adding, they were bad people, and deserved to die. I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife? He replied, 'Yes.'—'When would he get one?'—'Soon.'—'Where would he go to get one?' 'To the Sarebus river.' I mention these particulars in detail, as I think, had their practice extended to taking the head of any defenceless traveller, or any Malay surprised in his dwelling or boat, I should have wormed the secret out of them. The men of this tribe marry but one wife, and that not until they have attained the age of seventeen or eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious, and, as related, is performed by the bride and bridegroom being brought in procession along the large room, where a brace of fowls is placed over the bridegroom's neck, which he whirls seven times round his head. The fowls are then killed, and their blood sprinkled on the forehead of the pair, which done, they are cooked, and eaten by the new-married couple *alone*, whilst the rest feast and drink during the whole night. Their dead are put in a coffin and

buried, but Sehugah informed me that the different tribes vary in this particular, and it would appear they differ from their near neighbours the Dyaks of Lundu."

Not only in matters of love and matrimony are heads of value. They are generally regarded as wealth. What follows shows, among other customs, that *stealing heads* is not uncommon in that part of the world:—

"Matari, or 'the Sun,' the Sakarran chief I have already mentioned, arrived with two boats, and paid me several visits. He assured me he wanted to enter into an agreement to the effect that neither should injure the other. To this treaty I was obliged to add the stipulation that he was neither to pirate by sea nor by land, and not to go, under any pretence, into the interior of the country. His shrewdness and cunning were remarkably displayed. He began by inquiring, if a tribe, either Sakarran or Sarebus, pirated on my territory, what I intended to do? My answer was, 'To enter their country and lay it waste.' But he asked me again, 'You will give me, your friend, leave to steal a few heads occasionally?' 'No,' I replied, 'you cannot take a single head; you cannot enter the country, and if you or your countrymen do, I will have a hundred Sakarran heads for every one you take here.' He recurred to this request several times: 'just to steal one or two,' as a schoolboy would ask for apples. There is no doubt that the two tribes of Sakarran and Sarebus are greatly addicted to head-hunting, and consider the possession as indispensable. The more a man has, the greater his honour and rank, nor is there anything without to check or ameliorate this barbarous habit, for the Malays of all classes, on this coast, take the same pride in heads as the Dyaks themselves, with the exception that they do not place them in their houses, or attach any superstitious ideas to them. I asked Matari what was the solemn form of agreement amongst the tribes, and he assured me the most solemn was drinking each other's blood, in which case it was considered they were brothers; but pledging the blood of fowls was another and less solemn form."

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER.

Of all the vices common to the age, assuredly drunkenness is the most fearful in its consequences. It is, indeed, the parent of crime. It is a vice that saps the morals of youth, kills the germ of generous ambition, desolates the domestic hearth, renders families fatherless, and digs dishonoured graves. It fills our asylums with lunatics, our hospitals with diseased wretches, our ponds and rivers with suicides, our jails with thieves and murderers, our streets with prostitution.

Were I to relate, in detail, every case which has fallen under my observation in which drunkenness has been the originating cause of ruin, wretchedness, beggary, and death, I should require whole volumes to execute the task, so much do they numerically preponderate over all others. The following record, one which, in my official capacity, was brought before me some years back, presents, however, an exception to this general rule, and has always struck me as being one which would go far to prove that habitual intoxication should be considered but as a species of madness, requiring, as much as any other form of that disease, restriction and proper medical treatment.

Frederick Clifton had entered life with the brightest prospects. At a comparatively early age he was sent to college, and here, although, at first, he showed some outward respect and attention to his superiors, he found, nevertheless, plenty of opportunity for gratifying, to the fullest extent, his ruling passions. Here, too, it was that were implanted the seeds of that vice which clung to him through life—which blighted every prospect, and which, in the end, drove him on to ruin, and hurled him headlong down the abyss of crime. Night after night, with others, the most dissolute of his fellows, did he revel in the most frightful orgies. Every better feeling was disregarded; reason was drowned beneath the maddening influence of the bowl, and nightly was the quiet of the college disturbed by the wild yells, impious exclamations, and obscene riot of Clifton and his companions. Every effort was made by the superiors to put a stop to practices so disgraceful and subversive of discipline; but in vain. At length, the measure of his iniquity was full, and, to avoid expulsion, Clifton quitted the college. Had his parents been made acquainted with the disgrace which had thus fallen on their son—this blight to their fondest hopes—assuredly they would have seen the folly and error of their past conduct towards him, and would yet have made some effort to have saved him from impending ruin. But they were in happy, to them at least, happy ignorance of his wild career, his riots and debauchery. While he was at college, and about a year ere he had attained his majority, his father died, and, before three months had rolled past, his mother had also gone down to the grave.

When the first burst of his grief had subsided, for, selfish as he was, he loved his parents with all the ardour of which he was capable, he repaired to London, where

he entered, to the fullest extent, in the vortex of dissipation. Shortly afterwards, he came of age and took possession of his estate; and even then he might have reformed and taken his station in that rank of society for which his wealth and connexions seemed to have destined him. But his evil genius, or, to speak more correctly, his evil habits and passions, drove away every good resolution, and gained a complete mastery over him. The position in which he was now placed was the worst in which he could possibly have found himself. In a large metropolis, bristling with temptations, with no power to control him, with wealth to gratify every desire, not only had he his own wayward heart to battle with, but he was assailed by the seductions of others. There is a certain class of men in great cities who manage just to keep within the pale of decent society, notwithstanding their habits and modes of living render them unworthy of the association.

These men are always on the look out for young heirs, with more money than wit. They found Clifton, and found him, too, fully prepared for all their purposes. He joined them, frequented the gaming table, the tavern, night-houses—those dens of infamy, where women, forgetful of all the attributes and feelings which shed a halo round their sex, give themselves up to every vice that can degrade them, and vie with each other in doing evil. Night after night did he reel home from his dissolute companions in a state of the most fearful intoxication. Another year rolled on, and he began to mortgage his estates to provide for the expenses of his dissipated life; and, before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, the whole of his property was mortgaged to its full extent.

Dissipation ever brings with it its own punishment; remorse dogs its footsteps; disease and suffering are its handmaidens. Four years after he had commenced his town career, he found himself not only reduced to poverty, but compelled to leave London to restore his shattered frame. He accordingly repaired to his country residence, that spot wherein he had passed the happy days of his boyhood, in a state of mind which it would be difficult to describe. The sight of his early home, and the recollection of the deep and boundless affection of his parents, the sacred influence of quiet and repose, of woods, waters, and meadows, birds, flowers, and all the combined harmony of nature, for awhile awakened in his heart that rural feeling so nearly allied to virtue.

In close proximity with the estate of Clifton resided the orphan daughter of a merchant, Grace Harley. Her father had accumulated, by care and industry, a princely fortune, had retired, and taken up his abode in a beautiful cottage which he had himself built in the neighbourhood of Clifton's mansion. But he had not lived long to enjoy the fruits of his industry; for, about a year before the time of which I speak, he was suddenly carried off by apoplexy, leaving the whole of his fortune, without reserve or condition, to his beloved child. Her person was attractive—almost beautiful; and the lustre of a pair of intelligent black eyes was contrasted with a beautiful set of teeth. Clifton had often met her in his walks, and had naturally made inquiries concerning her:—chance brought about a formal introduction, on the occasion of a public ball in the neighbouring county town. By degrees an intimacy sprung up between them, which, on the lady's side at least, soon ripened into love.

For a time all went on smoothly enough, and the success of his plans drove away all feelings of remorse. But he was not happy, although he had gained possession of youth, beauty, and fortune; he could not conceal from himself that he had played the hypocrite and the villain, in disguising from her the state of his fortune; nor could he, even now, summon up courage sufficient to tell her all. To drown thought, he had recourse again to the fatal habit which had already wrought him so much misery. A circumstance, too, occurred about this time, which increased his uneasiness. His intimate friend at the club, who, previously to his quitting London, had won of him three thousand pounds, wrote, requesting its payment. After the lapse of a week, a fresh, and more pressing, summons for payment was received, which was soon followed up by a threat, that, if not paid within a certain period, he would post Clifton's name at the club. The dread of this drove him to extremities; he had no money himself: and, to raise sufficient to liquidate this debt of honour, he secretly drew from the funds the required amount.

From the moment that he had accomplished his object, a strange infatuation seized him. He had loved his wife with all the ardour of which his selfish nature was capable; but now he hated her with a deadly and bitter hatred. The dread of discovery rendered him guilty of the greatest injustice; he fancied that she was a spy upon his actions; that she watched his every movement, and was constantly on the alert to detect him in his guilt. More deeply than ever did he drink of brandy; and, to lull the sense of infamy, he resolved once more to visit London. He began, now, to estrange himself from home, and to drink drams to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and give him

boldness to meet his poor suffering wife, after his nightly orgies. He fell into company with his old associates, frequented the gaming table, and, in the frenzy of intoxication, lost large sums of money, to meet which perpetual losses, he made other drafts upon his wife's fortune, which was now disappearing as rapidly as his own had done.

During all this time, Grace showed all the meekness and gentleness of a woman; no reproach, not a murmur escaped her lips. In secret, she wept over the destruction of her fondest hopes; nay, she even mildly remonstrated with her brutal husband, who, in return, but heaped curses on her head. But although some of her friends pressed round her, to offer their assistance—for, already, rumours began to be afloat, that all was not as it should be—firmly, but kindly, she refused all these offers; she kept her husband's secret, and never uttered a complaint. And so matters grew daily worse. Poverty was hastening on with giant strides—friends dropped off, one by one, and Clifton daily sunk lower into the depths of degradation. From drinking by night, he began to get intoxicated by day. About this time, a slight attack of delirium tremens frightened Clifton into a temporary abstinence from spirits; but it was but for a time.

From time to time Grace had been strongly urged by her friends to quit her husband; but she had always mildly but peremptorily refused. "My lot," she said, "was of my own choosing, and, whatever it may be, I have made up my mind to bear it to the end."

But there is a certain state of endurance, a forced elevation of the spirits, which cannot be sustained beyond its stated period, without shaking the intellectual fabric to the foundation. The perpetual tax upon the mind, for high, unnatural exertion, sooner or later, will beggar it at last, must drive it into excesses. And thus it was with Grace Clifton. Her mental powers were shaken; her reason was tottering on its throne. Her mind was, sometimes, evidently, not mistress of itself; and her vivacity became, at intervals, when she was strongly excited, so misplaced and ungovernable, as to indicate, too evidently, that the springs which regulated the fine machine were deranged or worn out, by intense and perpetual exertion. Debased as Clifton was, this truth at length flashed upon him. And how did he act? Did he not try to soothe her again into her former state of innocent and natural vivacity? Did it not shame him from his excesses? Alas! no; he had gone too far to rally, or retrace the path upwards. No; instead of endeavouring to give her peace and quiet, he took a malignant pleasure in tempting his wife to share with him in those excesses which had blasted his prospects, which had indirectly destroyed her reason. The innate delicacy of her sex, and the barriers of a refined education, had hitherto preserved her from that influence which is so often exercised by the husband over the wife, or the wife over the husband. But use lessens the sense of disgust, and continued forgiveness and reconciliation at length induces compromise with vice, fraught with imminent danger to the innocent.

Grace, probably owing to her state of mind, yielded to her husband's solicitations. By slow and imperceptible degrees she fell from her high estate, and sunk—not indeed to his dead level of measureless brutality—but low enough to lose herself and all she once had been. Let me draw a veil over the scenes that ensued. Husband and wife, day after day, drunk, madly drunk. Now, singing and laughing—now, cursing and swearing, like the inmates of a mad-house.

One day the drunken debauch had been carried on to the greatest possible extent. Grace made some appearance of hesitation in resuming their carouse, but her husband seemed determined to force her to join him.

"Drink, drink!" said he; "drink deeply and be happy. Is it not happiness?"

Grace burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them, she exclaimed, in tones of deep agony, "Happiness!—aye, but we have paid deeply for it—you with the loss of fortune, fame, and goodness—I with a broken heart and shattered reason."

"And I suppose I am to blame for all this," shouted the infuriated drunkard.

"No; I blame you not; rather must I my own folly. I was warned by those who wished my welfare, but I shut my ears to all their warnings. Would I had been in my grave!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Clifton—"I have broken your spirit, eh? I knew I could. I knew I would punish you."

"Punish me!—for what? With what can you charge me?"

"Your fortune is dissipated," said Clifton, in a taunting tone.

"Who was it wasted it in vile orgies and foul debauchery?"

"Your beauty is gone—you are hidious and ugly."

"Who ruined it, by robbing me of my nightly rest, of daily happiness?—Do you know who it was?" she shrieked, her eyes flashing with frenzy, her whole frame dilated with the passion that was at her heart. "Do you know the monster who deceived my inexperienced youth, wasted my

fortune, destroyed my happiness, degraded the modesty of my sex and station, rendered the past a recollection of horror—the the present yet worse—the future —— Oh, heavens!" — and again she covered her face with her hands.

"It was I," roared the infuriated monster, "*I* who did it, and will yet do more. Here," he continued, as he poured out a brimming bumper of liquor, "here!—no more reproaches—no more recriminations—drink—drink this!"

"I will drink no more."

"I swear you shall."

"I will not."

"I swear by all the fiends, you shall."

"I swear by Heaven, I will not."

Who can answer for the actions of a man mad with drink? He staggered forward for the purpose of enforcing his desire. A struggle ensued, which but increased his fury. At length she succeeded in dashing the glass from his hand. It fell and was broken to atoms. Stung to fury, he threw her from him with all his force, and followed up his attack by hurling at her a bottle, which stood upon the table. She staggered beneath the crash of glass, fell heavily against the fender, half raised herself, and gazing upon her husband with a meaningless stare, fell back, *dead*.

The verdict of "manslaughter" sent Clifton for trial; but it was impossible to convince a jury that any man guilty of such acts as those I have related could be sane. He was, therefore, acquitted, on the ground of insanity, and died, wretched and miserable, in a madhouse, a few days after his admission.—*Abridged from the London Magazine.*

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

For some considerable period previous to the world's arrival at years of discretion, it was a question whether women had souls; but that men, by whom the question was modestly mooted, had minds—each male creature having a whole one to his own share—was never disputed for an instant. Yet this, like other indubitable truths, there is great reason to doubt. How many hundreds of particular friends could each of us give a list of, who never thoroughly succeeded in "making up their minds;" who really "never know their own minds." How should they when they change them so often? They are not in the same mind two seconds together. They never keep a mind long enough to know it. Yet while in this very state, the whole tribe of human chameleons are fain to flatter themselves that they have "two minds," instead of none. When a man doesn't know what to think, he observes, "I have two minds." When most irresolute, we think ourselves capable of wonderful determination. How to decide is more than we can tell—what in the world to do, we know not—but we have "a very *great* mind." Second thoughts are often sneakers—treacherous untiers of true love-knots, roguish dishonourers of handsome acceptances. The first thought comes with a hand open as day, the second with a tight fist prepared rather for a blow than a boon. The first springs from a generous disinterested impulse, the second from a shrinking of the heart and a selfish betrayal of self. The first is a gallant gentleman, a little imprudent and headlong sometimes; the second, a close curmudgeon who won't do good when it costs him nothing, lest it grow into a habit, and he be induced to sacrifice a sixpence at past eighty. Second thoughts turn the jovial resolution to make your visitor stop to dinner, into a hesitating hope that he will come and dine some day when the weather settles. They pare a banquet down to a sandwich, under the pretence of making it the feast of reason, and leave you to find the flow of soul in cold water. All that need be said for them is that they are best once in a way, but the exception proves the rule of inferiority. A man whose impulses are in favour of stinginess is seldom generous on second thoughts; but generosity often falls back upon meanness when it has had time to cogitate. Second thoughts are far less liable to say, boldly, "I'll make him a present of it," or "I'll discharge the duties gratuitously," than to mutter inwardly, "Why should I?" or "I may as well ask for another hundred a-year while I'm about it." The effort to be virtuous, in frequent instances dies away before its purpose is completed; but meditated vice rarely rises, by the second thought medium, into pure and exalted virtue. Even when second thoughts come to a right purpose, they generally come in the wrong place. They thrust themselves forward to break off a match after a heart has been won, and a family thrown into convulsions; but they never made their appearance at the heels of the declaration of love, when it might more easily have been tripped up. Second thoughts have an awkward habit of being too late. They have a knack of sending the reprieve after the victim has been turned off. The good intention of going to drag a neighbour out of the flames when his house is on fire, is, if the result of second thoughts, pretty sure to find the object of its tardy humanity reduced to a cinder. The good intention of plunging in to the rescue of a drowning wretch who has twice risen to the surface, is defeated by the selfish intruder, second thoughts, suggesting to the humane spec-

tator of the accident, "Though you can swim well, you may be seized with the cramp;" and second thoughts may be seen scampering off along the banks of the river, on a benevolent search for assistance half a mile off. Before this has been attained it has become useless, and then another thought arises—"Perhaps I had better know nothing about the affair thus accidentally witnessed, or I may get blamed for inhumanity which was but common prudence—rheumatism's no joke." This is another disadvantage attendant upon second thoughts—they lead to third; and these in turn to suggestions darker and darker—and so on to things without number, that are no thoughts at all, until the mind becomes a prey to indecision, and exhausts itself in the conviction that it cannot be stable unless it is shifting, and that the way to be right is to be continually abandoning one wrong position for another. —*Sketches from Life by the late Laman Blanchard.*

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

"Sweet Sabbath morn! From childhood's dimpled prime
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs falling on the wind,
Telling of friend and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day."

COTHERIDGE.—The traveller who has ever journeyed west of Worcester, on the way to Bromyard, has unquestionably noticed, when between three and four miles from the city, a noble avenue of lofty trees, which extends in a perfectly straight line for nearly a mile, and affords a magnificent vista, terminated by a large mansion. This is Cotheridge Court, the seat of the rev. John Berkeley, who is the hereditary holder of the perpetual curacy, and also proprietor of the parish—some 2,230 acres. Hard by is the old village church. Towards this point I shaped my course on a warm and dry morning about a month ago, and arrived at the lodge gates just as the bell was summoning to worship. Straggling parties here and there dotted the fields and other approaches to the humble but interesting building which formed the common centre of their Sabbath day's journey; and two or three labouring boys, who, with open mouths and staring eyes, had waited for me to draw near, as if anxious to satisfy themselves by a closer inspection that I was really one of the human species, formed in a single file behind me, and followed so rapidly and closely in my wake that more than once I fancied the iron-tipped shoes of the corporal were grazing my heels: so, in order to prevent any unpleasantness, I made a sudden halt, when the whole party struck together with an emphasis which would have effectually beaten the breath out of any similar number of emaciated town-bred boys. Falling into conversation with the biggest of the rank, I put to him a variety of questions, but the poor fellow evidently knew as much about the source of the Niger, or the quadrature of the circle, as of the parochial events and circumstances amid which he had spent his youth. In the first place, he did not seem morally certain that the church to which we were going was in the same position as it was on the previous Sunday; and on asking him who was the present curate, he replied that "he'd never seen more than one mon pull the rope (meaning the sexton), as he know'd on;" but on explaining to him the difference between a curator of souls and a conservator of bell-ropes, he promptly replied that "he'd seen so many faces a-preaching there o'late, that nobody wa'n't sure o' cotching the same chap again." He had never seen or heard of a Sunday school, and likewise manifested no little malice against the cause of letters generally, from the fact of his having received, some months ago, on a nameless part of his person, a severe flagellation at the hands of some pedagogue, whose name and place of residence, however, he never knew nor cared to recollect. Finding I could gather nothing from this rustic group, I left them to the tender care of their spiritual instructors, and moved on towards the mansion, while they struck out a shorter path to the church. With regard to Mr. Berkeley's dwelling it is especially true that "distance lends enchantment to the view," for while the appearance of the house from the road is of the most fascinating description, occasioned by the fine perspective through that noble grove, yet, when submitted to a closer inspection, it reminds one of a gaudy bird robbed of its plumage; and there is besides an air of negligence and a lack of neatness which to my mind almost invariably mark the dwelling of "the single man," whether bachelor or widower—aye, though he may have a hundred servants. The only indication of life or motion I observed on the premises was a solitary greyhound, which was careering round the enclosed lawn, but whose native enjoyment of freedom was clearly modified with a dash of sadness at being "alone with nature," and having no companion of its own or any other species.

The church, which is within gun-shot of the mansion, is beautifully situated, partly concealed by trees, and seems in its simplicity and rustic beauty peculiarly fitted to the scene. An obliging correspondent

informs me that it was originally built by Boriace de Fitz, to commemorate the birth of his son, and partly as an expiation for the crimes of his youth. The original building was demolished in the reign of Henry VIII, and partly pulled down, the drawbridge, &c., still remaining to mark the age of the erection. It was here (see notes to Sharon Turner's History) that Lord Audley and the fair Anne of Cotheridge were united after their flight from Evesham in 1407. The present building was consecrated by the bishop of Worcester on its restoration in 1684. The parsonage (says Nash) was anciently annexed to the monastery of Westwood, in this county, and both were given by Osbert Fitz-Hugh to the monks of Font Everaud, in Normandy. At the dissolution the patronage came to Mr. Thomas Packington, and Evett of Hallow, whose son sold it to the Berkeleys. The church is dedicated to St. Leonard. It is a plain ochre-washed erection, not cruciform, and having no transepts. The porch is built up into a wooden bell turret, and the entrance consequently serves for a belfry. The interior consists only of a nave and chancel, with a chapel on the north side of the altar, which is kept as a crypt for the Berkeley family, but which, in my opinion, might be much more usefully applied as a school-room for Sunday scholars, or as a vestry for the clergyman, to avoid the necessity of robing and unrobing before the congregation, as is now the case. Against the south wall of this chapel is a cenotaph to the memory of Thomas Berkeley, Esq., who in 1669 accompanied Sir D. Harvey, the ambassador from Charles II to the emperor of the Turks, but died at a city called Megree, in Greece, and was buried among the christians there. In the highest pane of the east window are the remains of blazonries designed for the armorial bearings of Say and Mortimer and Lucy, lords of Cotheridge. The chancel is divided from the nave by what may not improperly be called a partition wall, in which are three very low arches; the central one is circular, and is evidently of Norman workmanship by the character of its supporters; the southern arch is in the pointed style; thus denoting the period of the erection to have been during the "transition." This part of the church, therefore, cannot, I should think, be less than seven centuries old, and there are many other marks of great age about it. The chancel floor is covered with encaustic tiles, the armorial and other devices on which are almost obliterated, owing to the circumstance that the ground underneath is occupied by vaults, every opening of which demands the removal of the tiles. The seats, which can accommodate nearly 200 persons, are of strong old oak, put together in a right primitive fashion, without those modern notions of economy of space through which I have so often been victimized with cramps and other aches and pains. The pulpit, too, with its sexagonal carved body, long narrow neck, and thin spider arms, or rails, by which it is approached, looks down dejectedly on the oft-returning congregation as though it had grown old and gaunt and hermit-like in the bootless task of exhortation. On the wall is a solitary table of charities, which contains about as much actual pith and marrow as do royal speeches in general—that is to say, nothing worthy of mention; in fact, two or three of the names were of donors of some 40*s.* or 5*l.* or 6*l.* towards the repairs of the church in 1687, and who for so trifling a service, could hardly have expected their names would be emblazoned on the walls for all time. Surely they have been already doubly paid for their small outlay by this notoriety of nearly two centuries. At the west end is a gallery or rather a square box projecting from the wall, and of most unpretending appearance. Here were seated, high and unapproachable in their glory, the village choir, consisting of clarionet, flute and bass-viol, with a voice or two beside; and as if to resent the affront I had done to his venerable but inefficient friend at Grimley, the first-named gentleman (Mr. Clarionet) saluted me on my entrance into the church with a note or shriek which would have eclipsed a moderate railway engine; and if the other members of the choral body did not come up to their leader in force and intensity, it could not be attributed to a lack of good will, but simply to a difference in the calibre of their instruments. This being nothing more than a little private practice, before the services, was only an epitome of what they evidently intended to achieve, and with that assurance I gave way to a kind of sad resignation. An elderly man (apparently an invalid) was seated in a wheeled chair underneath the gallery, and on addressing him I found that he had been for many years the clerk at the church, but through physical suffering was now unable to perform the duties of that office; he was an intelligent and communicative man, and seemed to entertain a most commendable pride on the score of his long connection with the church. The combined efforts of Messrs. Clarionet, Flute, and Bass-viol, had become actually desirable to his ear, solely by dint of long acquaintanceship; and I have no doubt that it was his rule to fix himself in this position before the arrival of the congregation, in order to take in as much as possible of their witching strains. He, too, evidently felt most anxi-

ous on the part of his deputy-clerk—a simple, well-behaved yeoman—that the conduct of the services should not suffer, from his own inability to discharge them; and as the *locum tenens* led the responses, or left his sitting to ascend the little gallery for the purpose of giving out the psalms, the earnest eye of the ex-official was upon him, as though by his supervision he would have communicated to him a portion of his own efficiency and devotional spirit. How forcible are the effects of habit! The good old clerk at Cotheridge, after thirty years' servitude, in ministering at the altar, could not exist, I dare say, without constantly going through the same welcome routine, and hearing the same old version of psalms, interpreted by the same triumvirate that has, I suppose, for years awoke the echoes and disturbed the dust in the good old church of Cotheridge. Many years ago, I remember, business obliged me to pass daily by a certain field, in which was a horse that had spent a great portion of its youth in a mill, but which was now superannuated; and constantly at certain hours every day that horse was seen performing its little circles—round and round—with mathematical accuracy in one particular corner of the field, where it had beaten out for itself a hard path. I often think of that animal when I detect in myself or others the effects of early habits, long pursued. The worthy clerk of Cotheridge will forgive the comparison: it is as applicable to myself as to him.

The monkish custom of dividing the sexes is here observed—the silks, satins, cotton and straws, being arranged on one side, and the broad-cloths on the other—like a border of roses breathing their fragrance in contempt over an adjoining plot of cabbages. I should like to know what is gained to piety by this arrangement. If a man cannot direct his mind heavenward in the society of his wife, or mother, or sister—ay, or of her to whom he is betrothed—most assuredly he will not be induced to do so by any degree of space which may exist between them. I noticed that in one of the principal seats, a family had acquired the courage to break through this custom, and I do not see why the example should not be followed. There was a deal of late coming here, and the people generally seemed to be indifferent to the services—the responses were but faintly if at all uttered; and there was scarcely any sign of devotion except from the clergyman or his clerk—an ambiguous kind of service, truly, to the great author of our being, that our adorations should thus be dependent on a salary. I have heard of persons who object to shed tears at any sermon except in their own parish church, but I do not think the natives of Cotheridge are likely to become very lachrymose even there. Let us hope, however, that if there was no "outward and visible sign," there was "an inward and spiritual grace" among that flock; though the existence of the one is far more satisfactorily proved by the presence of the other. The services were admirably performed by the new curate—a circumstance however which shall not prevent my saying that to me it would have been a source of greater gratification to have seen in the Cotheridge canonicals some one of the many needy curates I could have pointed out in this vicinity, to whom £70 or £80 per annum would have been a most desirable object. When a rich man accepts a small post, the advantage, which to him may indeed scarcely be felt at all, is probably to another a matter of severe necessity; to say nothing of the opportunity which it gives to the enemies of the church to weaken her in the affections of the people. It is also very clear that a resident minister is much wanted at Cotheridge, for the present hereditary proprietor of the benefice seems too far advanced in years to satisfy, unaided by a constant assistant, the spiritual wants of the parish, to visit the sick, to establish a Sunday school, to organise a choir, to perform more than one service on the Sabbath, and to improve generally the present system of instruction at Cotheridge, of which the youth I have mentioned at the early part of this chapter was so notable on example. Should, however, the new curate accomplish these things—in regard to which I have not any doubt of his ability and good intentions—I shall be half inclined not to look grudgingly on the small emolument thereby derived to him. The sermon was a good commentary on the 27th Psalm, 25th v.; "I have been young, and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." The preacher alludes to the season (Christmas) as one the most eligible for the exercise of reflection on the rapid progress of time and the use to which we had applied it; and indeed his exhortation was efficiently seconded by the sprigs of holly which here and there fringed the seats, and reminded me, in language not to be mistaken, of that period (a long time ago) when my youthful eye first beheld, admired, and wondered at the cause of this ancient custom—of the chequered scenes which since then had been spread around my path—of the follies of youth and the sorrows and experience of manhood;—all these things did one little holly sprig, with its cunning sorcery, bring up before me. The remainder of the sermon was devoted to the proof that the practice of piety and good morals was wise and salutary, even as regarded the probability of an earthly

reward, and the success and good name which generally wait upon the exercise of honesty, sobriety, and the other cardinal virtues. This, I confess, is a line of argument which frequently carries the greatest weight with the majority of congregations, for our infidel natures are more inclined to be enticed by the offer of what we imagine to be a tangible fee, presently forthcoming, than by all the splendid offers of happiness in reversion. I was much pleased, not only with the subject of the discourse, but at the mode and manner of the preacher's illustration; he also occasionally fixed his eye upon me, and no doubt imagined he saw in my person the effects of his discourse, in the burnings of a sensitive conscience, as visible on my face; but whatever may have been the salutary effect of his excellent theology, I can assure him that the perspiration under which I suffered was solely occasioned by a red-hot stove which came close to my seat-door, and which had already singed two or three ladies' dresses in passing, it being placed, unguarded, in the central aisle, which is too narrow for that purpose.

On leaving the church, a row of labourers, who had drawn themselves up in a line facing the entrance, made their obeisance in right rustic fashion to all whom they recognised—a good old relic of the Sir Roger de Coverly times. Up the little pathway of the churchyard was moving a mournful procession: a few simple villagers attending the remains of some deceased friend to the home appointed for all living. There is something peculiarly affecting in this last solemn rite, as administered in a rural churchyard—

"When one well known to the village group
His latest breath has given,
And his soul has passed from his clay-cold form,
And found its rest in heaven."

At all times and in all places the interment of a fellow creature is indeed a subject for deep reflection, but in the crowded city the exit of a brother mortal seems to have no greater effect than the casting of a pebble into the sea: there is a temporary division of the waters, but in a moment they are reunited, and the disarrangement is not perceptible. In a small unpopulous village the death of a neighbour or friend is however a veritable sermon, lasting and impressive—from ear to ear travels the melancholy tidings—each hearer has known the deceased, perhaps for many years—and there is a mournful interest felt in his death which cannot but have its due effect on the thoughtful—while around his grave congregate not alone the paid mimics of grief, but the old and young of that rustic group in whose circle of acquaintanceship his death has occasioned a vacuum, perhaps not readily to be filled up. Man is selfish to the last, and shudders at being forgotten. While on the subject of funerals, I shall quote some observations by "A Rambler in America," who speaks some good commonsense respecting the needless and wasteful habits observed by society in general in regard to burials. Speaking of the Quaker funerals there, he says that "the friends assemble in their usual dress, and by a numerous muster, rather than by inky habiliments, testify their regard to the memory of the defunct. As for hearses and mourning coaches, plumes, cloaks, and hatbands, with all other tricks of undertakers to make out a long bill for funeral expenses, all such nonsense is unknown in America; whilst the act of sepulture is performed with as much propriety and decency as in London, and probably does not cost more than a sovereign! And why should it? This is one of the most glaring follies of my English countrymen, and it is to be hoped their good sense will not much longer submit to the tyranny of undertakers."

Among the inscriptions in the churchyard are the following (the stone is erected to one Rowbery):—

"Time is a wheel that runs along;
By this the will of God was done.
The best of friends—the surgeon's skill—
Could not command against God's will"

There are here many other sly hits at the medical faculty, but I must now conclude by copying only one epitaph:—

"Here lieth the body of Tom Crissell,
an old fox-hunter for 66 years; he died 1768, aged 82.
"My glass is run, my time is spent:
Good people all in time repent."

—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY A FOREIGN ARTIST.

Dr. Carus, who accompanied the king of Saxony to England in 1844, thus describes the hero of Waterloo and the Premier:

Duke of Wellington.—Just the model of an old soldier! Stiff, half-deaf, yet cheerful: you may see, even now, that he was, in his day, a well-formed, compact man. The form of his head and his face inclines to length: the forehead and the posterior part are tolerably well elevated. His white hair is rather plentiful for his age. His eyes are set in white hollows, and seem to bear witness to his character as a man accustomed to trust his own eyes rather than listen to others.

Sir Robert Peel.—His majesty (the king of Saxony) accepted an invitation to dine with Sir Robert Peel. I was curious to observe whether the crisis at which the ministry has arrived would be at all marked on the minister's face. [Dr. Carus seems not to know that we have always *a crisis*

in England.] Sir R. Peel appears about fifty years old. He is well built, rather stout, with a significant structure of the head, inclining towards breadth—[Dr. Carus is a cranioscopist]—the three divisions of the cranium are tolerably well proportioned, so far as I could observe through the rather thick grissled hair—the middle of the head is not high. The countenance expresses much firmness; united with something thoroughly prosaic, but acute and judicious. In conversation with superior personages, his mode of expression, with all its reserve, falls into an amiable tone, and his gestures also partake the change. His general demeanour is polite, cautious, and self-possessed. I add a few remarks, which I heard respecting his talents as prime minister: "Peel has been made exactly for his situation. By birth belonging to the people; by his connexion with Oxford university, bound up with all that is styled conservatism, he seems created for his time and his office. There can be only one opinion of his talents: and he is also favoured with physical energy, and a large independent property." The English have a proverb, "An empty bag will not stand upright." In his daily intercourse, he is reckoned cold and stiff (literally *wooden*) in his manner; and he has no intimate personal friends.

PARODY.

To love or not to love—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The changing fortunes of an amorous swain,
Or take up arms against one's inclination,
And, by opposing, crush it. To love—to sigh—
No more; and by one act to say we end
The heart ache, and a thousand kindred ills
The mind is heir to!—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To sigh—to love—
To love!—perchance to wed!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that blessed state oft are sweet dreams
Cut short by *curtain lectures* and the like;
Here let us pause. 'Tis the grand spell
That binds poor bachelors to their cheerless fate;
For who can bear the whips and taunts of her,
Who, full of spleen, spurns at the injured god
Of balmy slumber, and, with tongue so glib,
Vents dire resentments on her couch and spouse.
Grieved at her weakness, he with patience strives
To quell the torrent of his lady's anger
By sweet replies and soft remonstrances.
Ay, where's the bachelor who would fardels bear
To sigh and groan away a single life
But that the dread of matrimonial lectures
(From whose repeated miseries 'tis said
Few Benedicts escape) dampens his ardour,
And makes him rather bear those ills he has,
Than wed and yield compulsory submission.
These *lectures* then make cowards of us all,
And though the native love of matrimony
Is strong within us, yet our hearts recoil
From prospects, coloured with the sickly hue
Of female domination.

Nantwich. J. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Ascending and Descending the Pyramids of Egypt.—You look up the tremendous steps, with a score of savage ruffians bellowing round you; you hear faint cheers and cries high up, and catch sight of little reptiles crawling upwards; or, having achieved the summit, they came hopping and bouncing down again from degree to degree,—the cheers and cries swell louder and more disagreeable; presently the little jumping thing, no bigger than an insect a moment ago, bounces down upon you expanded into a panting major of Bengal cavalry. He drives off the Arabs with an oath,—wipes his red shining face with his yellow handkerchief, drops puffing on the sand in a shady corner, where cold fowl and hard eggs are awaiting him, and the next minute you see his nose plunged in a foaming beaker of brandy and soda-water.

* * *

He can say now and for ever, he has been up the Pyramid. There is nothing sublime in it. You cast your eye once more up that staggering perspective of a zigzag line, which ends at the summit, and wish you were up there, and down again. Forwards!—Up with you! It must be done. Six Arabs are behind you, who won't let you escape, if you would. * * The ascent is not the least romantic, or difficult or sublime: you walk up a great broken staircase, of which some of the steps are four feet high. It's not hard, only a little high. You see no better view from the top than you behold from the bottom; only a little more river, and sand, and rice field.

An Unpleasant Native.—Earl, in his Tropical Australia, says: "A circumstance occurred while digging a well, that made a great sensation at the time. One of the men employed, while sleeping in a hammock suspended between two trees, was disturbed during the night by something dragging away the blanket that covered him; and on looking over the side of the hammock, he discovered, to his intense horror, that the intruder was a large alligator. His shouts alarmed the animal; which retreated in great haste in the sea. The man's story was not at first credited by those who came to his assistance; but in the morning, sure enough, the blanket was found on the beach half immersed in water, and the animal itself was shot a few nights afterwards, the ball striking the forehead above the eye, and splintering off a portion of the skull, thus exposing the brain. He did not die, however, until after a violent struggle of many minutes, during which he lashed the sea around him into a foam."

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